

January 11, 2023

Life Goes On

It's now 2023, and a strange season of my life is wrapping up.

A season that began for me in 2006. How many years is that? About 17? ...SO, like a hibernating locust, I emerge from the dirt after a seventeen year cycle of stages. I like locusts. As a child, when they hatched from their light brown casings, I would get a large plastic bowl, and scavenge the entire back yard, finding each one, carefully extracting it from whatever it was holding on to, and collected them all into said bowl. I was a strange child...

This season of my life that I'm referring to is marked by great instability, dependence, and living in a series of homes that were not mine, out of necessity.

At the end of 2006, I lost my way.

The reason(s) why are another writing bit entirely, so I'll try to just stay focused here on the point - I have been rocking along for all these years, without "my own" place, except for a 9 year period in Florida, in my home(s) with my husband. Even then, however, it was still as if I were in someone else's world.

If it's never happened to you, it can be hard to imagine the number it can do to a person's head. Especially if it's not by choice.

I have gone from home to home, for all of these years, constantly adapting and modifying myself, over and over again, in order to blend in, cope, survive, not rock the boat. After a while, continually changing oneself takes a toll on you - there comes a point where you lose yourself in the process, forgetting who you ever were to begin with. It has taken a huge toll on me, psychologically.

A person can stand and judge, say "she's lost her mind", shake their head. I am familiar with this type of person, and of the opinions that come forth from them. I can only say, my journey has been unique, and the chaos I've endured - the broken road I've had to walk - has not been in vain, nor does it make me any less of a human being.

I am honored to have known the turbulence, the loss, the inability to always hold on. In the process, I have learned complete dependence and trust in God. I have learned that it's not about my strength, but His.

It's not my knowledge and wisdom, it's His.

It's not my own ideas and plans in life, it's about following Him, where He leads me. How would my stubborn and prideful self have learned this, if it weren't for my broken road?

I now have found "home" again, not only in a physical sense, but in my head and in my spirit. It's only now that I'm settled that I can begin to look back on the last 17 years, and make sense of it all.

God is helping me.

I wanted to write about this today, because I see stuff happening in the world, so much has changed, so many people are also losing their way, and their homes, and their money. I want to hug each one, and help them, and fix their situation, but I can't. I can only hope and pray that God will redeem my life, and that I can be a blessing to others, however He sees fit.

When you see a homeless person, or a "room renter", or a hotel dweller - God have mercy, please don't judge.

Those who judge others for no longer being able to hold on, and float their own boat, have not (yet) experienced this thing that comes upon people. We all have different trials and challenges in this world. Those who sit comfortably in their own home, with everything still intact - bank accounts, retirement funds, physical health, mental health/clarity, etc - good for you. I hope you can see that this is a blessing, and that you will be humble, and kind and generous to others. It can all be taken away, and then you too will taste the shock, uncertainty, and fear of not knowing where you will live, or who you will live with, or how you will be treated, if you must be dependent.

Just don't judge. Share your blessings.

I am so thankful for all the people who helped me along the way and opened their doors to me. It was challenging at times, for everyone.

Panning out to a bigger picture, I wonder where we are headed, when it comes to housing. The times have changed so much.

Back in 2008, I did a vlog on the economy, not claiming to be a money expert or anything, but observing the growing instability in housing options.. Back then, I said I could see a day where normal single-family houses are divided into two, or four, and made into separate living quarters. Now I see that the time is here, and room-renting is a good and solid alternative for many, myself included. Watch for more backyard sheds and garages to also be transformed into apartments. People are coming together, because we have to.

How will this change us, as a society?

I kinda see the bright side here. Maybe we will be forced to put aside our differences and prejudices, for the sake of keeping the peace. When you are forced to rent a space from someone else, it really puts things in perspective. If you're a problematic jerk, you could lose the roof over your head.

I might write more on this subject another time, explaining what happened to me, personally, that propelled me in to a 17-year rollercoaster through all kinds of crazytown living, but I'll save that for another time.

Houses and homes are a-changin', ya'll.

God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.

Psalm 46:1

The Shack
<https://archive.org/details/november-2023-audio/the+shack.mp3>

Audio journal
<https://archive.org/details/november-2023-audio/audio+journal+August+2023.mp3>